

HANNAH MATILDA'S WEDDING CAKE.

BY DORETHA LEONARD.

"Yes, I was determined that Hannah Matilda should have the best cake to be had," said Mrs. Benson, as she opened the oven door and looked at the beans. "Guess I may as well take them out," she continued; "some folks like their beans cooked to a crisp, we like 'em brown, but not overdone."

"I'm sure your beans are always most delicious," said Mrs. Benson, "and your visitor, I like 'em myself, but down to our house I must have to burn 'em to suit! I suppose your Hannah can turn her hand to most anything in plain cooking."

"Yes, indeed; there isn't nothing in that line Hannah don't understand, plain or fancy; but a wedding cake, why that's kind of different you see, and me and Ben, we made up our minds that our only child should have the very best. It's going to be from a first-rate city confectioner and I don't feel any doubt but it'll more than suit."

Mrs. Prentice set her thin lips together and made no answer for a minute or two, then she said: "Well, it isn't the first time it's been tried in these parts, a-makin' the wedding cake out of the house! Some folks think it's bad luck, and, though I'm no believer in such things myself, I shan't try it for Sarah."

"Why, do tell!" exclaimed Mrs. Benson. "I didn't know Sarah was keeping company with any one. Hannah," to her daughter, who had just entered, "hear what Mrs. Prentice said! Now, Mrs. Prentice, do tell us all about it."

"I don't know as I said Sarah was a-keepin' company with any one. I said I should make her wedding cake myself."

"Well, but is she keeping company?" And who's the fellow?" demanded Hannah, placing herself directly in front of Mrs. Prentice, with her arms akimbo.

The poor woman, who, stung by jealousy, had implied more than the meanest, was at a loss. There was now no way out of her difficulty but to say that Sarah was not having any attention and she would rather die than say that before that Sassy Hannah Matilda—Hannah, who had outwitted her Rogers away from her, and who glared in the deed, Sarah's eyes, delicate face, with its wistful blue eyes, rose up before her (so different from Hannah's) and she felt sure that if her daughter had been the only child of so rich a man as Benson, Rogers would have left her.

"Well," said Hannah, impatiently. "The thought of the Benson riches was uppermost in Mrs. Prentice's mind, and again she spoke unadvisedly. 'I guess you're young man is showing my daughter attention, she didn't have to use money to entice him away from another girl.'"

Hannah, who well knew that she could not compare with Sarah in looks, flushed crimson. "You're just pretending, so that I won't think Sarah is dyin' of a broken heart."

Mrs. Benson, whose attention since Hannah's entrance had been absorbed by the beans, started and upset her dish of "fried" potatoes, and she exclaimed: "What can you be thinkin' of to use such words to Mrs. Prentice in this house?"

"Well, ma, why can't she answer, instead of beatin' about the bush so? Now," to Mrs. Prentice, "I'm Sarah engaged to a fellow."

"Engaged?" said Mrs. Prentice, for the first time in her life Mrs. Prentice had told a lie.

She sat, too overcome and dazed to notice anything, as Mrs. Benson put the beans that had fallen on the table into a dish, and directed Hannah to sweep up those spilled over the floor. Fortunately for her, she was not called on to say much, as Mrs. Benson, mortified by Hannah's rude behavior, tried to smooth things over by talking incessantly, and Hannah, anxious to show that she was not jealous of her former rival, brought out various articles from her trousseau and displayed them proudly to Mrs. Prentice, advising her how to have this and that made for Sarah. Every word out of the poor woman to the heart of the bride-to-be, who more black and fearful before her. Dimly she noticed the dainty embroidery and lace and the markings (she remembered that marking afterwards)—Hannah Matilda Rogers, not Benson. Mrs. Benson paused for a moment in her preparations for supper. "Just notice that marking, will you, Mrs. Prentice? She done every stitch of that herself, an' you see, it's the French style, not that Kensington outline."

"Handsome the R is, with all those little flowers entwined around it! There, Matilda, that's your pa's step; go out the cake, and we'll have supper."

Mrs. Prentice rose and tottered to the door. "Why, Mrs. Prentice! What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Benson.

"I guess I'd better be goin'," said Mrs. Prentice in a low choking voice. "Now, Mrs. Prentice, you ain't a-going to mind what I said?" asked Hannah.

"What?"

"You ain't angry?"

"No, I don't mind anything; I'm a-goin' home." She opened the door and stepped out, but not without a look back at Mrs. Benson, who was standing by the arm.

"Mary Eliza Prentice, you'll catch your death in this black March wind! You know Benson was goin' to drive you back after supper; but if you want to go now, come, get your things on and let us get 'em packed up." She allowed herself to be led back and seated by the stove, while Hannah ran to the bedroom for her wraps and Benson went out and gave orders to the hired man to harness as quickly as possible.

"Can't you drink this cup of tea?" asked Mrs. Benson, anxiously. "Why, you're a-trembling all over! What's the matter?"

"It's nothing but a spell, Mrs. Benson," said the poor woman, hoarsely. "I can't take any tea—I must be getting home. Hannah helped her on with her wraps and led her to the door."

It seemed years to Mrs. Prentice since she had crossed that same threshold, an honest, truthful woman, to spend the afternoon and take tea with her friend; she passed out now with the burden of a lie upon her soul. "I guess I wouldn't try to make her talk any, ma," said Benson's wife to him. "Just drive her home as quick as you can."

"I can't make out what took her so sudden," she said to her daughter as they went back into the house.

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Hannah. "But I'm glad she was able to get home. It would have been dreadful awkward, with Jerry coming this evening, to have to keep her here."

By the time Mrs. Prentice reached home she felt a little better. One can become accustomed to almost anything—even to telling lies. "There ain't any way out of it now," she kept saying to herself. "I've just got to bear it. Perhaps Sarah will get engaged to some one before the year is out and then they'll never suspect."

Benson helped her out carefully and insisted on leaving his horse and going with her to the door. "Seems to me you're a little smarter, Mrs. Prentice," said he. "I guess the fresh air does you good."

"Yes, I guess it," she answered and as she said it felt a fresh pang—for it was not the truth.

As the days passed by Mrs. Prentice was struck with Sarah's cheerful manner. She went frequently to the woods for Mayflowers and came back with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. "She certainly doesn't care any more about Jerry Rogers," thought her mother; "there may be some one else she's thinking of, or I don't see how she can be so cheerful when Hannah's marriage is so near. I just feel in my bones that it'll all come right."

The wedding day came at last, and, like

one in a dream, Mrs. Prentice found herself seated in the Benson's parlor, near the window, waiting for the minister. She had been among the first to arrive, for she knew that Jerry's desertion of Sarah would be the principal theme of conversation if her back were turned. Sarah, of course, was not present, but she had begged her mother to go, and Mrs. Prentice was sure that she had seen tears in her eyes when she bade her good-bye. "I'm so afraid she does care after all," she said to herself. "I'm just glad I told Hannah Matilda that lie!"

The next week, but harder Mrs. Prentice and she looked her neighbors to the face and talked volubly about Hannah's trousseau. The minister arrived promptly at 2 o'clock, but still the guests sat waiting.

"I guess it's a-goin' to be something out of the ordinary," said one woman at last. "Do you know, I just went into the other room to look at the clock, and it's goin' on to 3."

"We all know it's late enough," answered another woman, who sat near Mrs. Prentice in the bay window. "But I guess you ain't given the right reason. I've been a sittin' by this window steady ever since I came in and Jerry Rogers ain't arrived yet! No one can make me believe he has."

The sound of all eyes and looked at each other in amazement, then sought conference with her nearest neighbor.

"I shouldn't say it to others, Mrs. Prentice," whispered the one who had spoken last, leaning over and laying her back-matted hand on Mrs. Prentice's arm. "But I don't feel no confidence that he intends to turn up. I always thought Hannah caught him against his will and he ain't the kind that can say 'no' to a body's face. Mrs. Prentice turned white as a sheet and gasped upon her. 'You don't think you don't mean—' she said, below her breath; but she never finished the sentence, for the door burst open and Hannah Matilda stood, in all the splendor of her bridal array, before them."

Her veil was thrown back (showing her large, plain features, white as marble), and her hands, in their tight white gloves, clutched nervously at the folds of her rich satin skirt—almost as if seeking support.

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met in Cleveland, authorized the Methodist bishops to make provision for the next one, which will be held in London in 1901. Bishop Hurst of Washington, United States Senator Foraker, Rev. J. W. Hamilton of Cincinnati and D. H. Carroll of Baltimore are members. The committee making preparations for the American delegation to London and the gathering of statistics of American Methodism.

Episcopalians have decided upon founding two orphan homes in Cuba. A few miles out of the city of Santa Clara, on a tract of 500 acres, there are vast buildings, which formerly comprised an agricultural college, and in and around them are said to be agricultural implements to the value of \$250,000 or more. This great plant has been offered without cost for the purpose of caring for children of reconcentrados and of Cuban insurgents who lost their lives in the war. In a good part of Havana, a house above 100 feet square is offered for \$20,000, and an Episcopal churchman has the nucleus of an orphanage.

Since Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, the new pastor of Plymouth church, New York, has been preaching sermons on the characters in well-known novels, librarians throughout the city report a greatly increased demand for the novels themselves, and the men at the street bookstands are hardly able to meet the new demand. Other New York pastors are condemning the sermons on popular novels.

Cardinal Philipp Kretzschmar, the archbishop of Cologne, who is lying at the point of death, is one of the most influential ecclesiastics in Europe. He was born in 1819 and both he and Cardinal Kopp of Breslau have been noted for their indefatigable efforts to establish friendly relations between the Prussian government and the Vatican. It is said that the present amicable relations between Germany and the Vatican are due to the good offices of these men. In 1885 Dr. Kretzschmar succeeded Cardinal Meiser as archbishop of Cologne.

Dr. Kretzschmar is a learned theologian, and the best known of which is "Israel, the Prototype of the Christian Church."

It is an interesting fact that never before in the most prosperous years in this country has there been so much projected church building and improvement of church properties as at the present time. This is due, of course, to the generous contributions of money inspired by promising business conditions. For the last five years work has been delayed on all sides and funds are money is easier to obtain, it is natural that there should be a general effort to make up for the past.

It is estimated that in the south and immediate east of the Mississippi river there are plans to expend \$6,000,000 in churches and allied buildings of educational; in the east about \$12,000,000; in the middle west, \$18,000,000; the Rocky Mountain and Pacific coast, \$5,000,000. The total reaches the enormous sum of \$41,000,000. It is impossible, therefore, to believe that all the hopes of Christian workers in this line are to be realized.

GUAM, THE UNKNOWN. One of Our New Possessions and Its New Governor.

Captain Richard P. Leary, U. S. N., who has recently been appointed governor of Guam, is at present in New York, and is busy making preparations to start for his far off domain. He will go forth in the United States ship Yosemite, which has been especially fitted up for his accommodation and which is now lying at the Brooklyn navy yard. In becoming governor of Guam, says the New York Herald, Captain Leary has achieved a peculiar distinction, something akin to that of the famous Alcock and Brown, who were the first to cross the Atlantic in a dirigible balloon.

The man who ten years ago valiantly upheld the honor of our flag in Samoa. But since Captain Leary has been metamorphosed into the governor of Guam he has become almost a mythical personage. And this because nobody knows anything about Guam; it is almost a terra incognita. I questioned Captain Leary himself concerning our new possession, but he modestly confessed that he shared in the general ignorance, thought he proposes to learn all about the island in the near future.

For my part, until after its easy capture last July by a United States war ship on its way to Manila, I had no idea that Guam had both a local habitation and a name. I had a dim idea that it was some sort of a delectable, shady dish, something like Guava jelly.

For the sake of its future governor and for the sake of our country that has acquired it, I hope that Guam will not prove to be a romance of the sea, like the lost Atlantis, or a delusion and a snare like the Northwest Passage. It would be a terrible fate should the gallant Captain Leary become the Wandering Jew of the sea, sweeping the waters with a glass in a vain search for the island he has been appointed to govern. For from what I know of his character he would never give up the search. I can picture him, like the knight in Poe's story:

And he grew old,
And his knightly sword
Laid its rusted blade
On the floor of his room,
And he looked at it
With a sad and old
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Such an idea, however, is but a figment of the imagination, an impossible ghost conjured up by one who has grown nervous from spending many hours in a vain quest for some definite knowledge of Guam. To relieve the public mind I can state that there is no doubt about the actuality of Guam; its geographical position is determined, and no one need fear but that Captain Leary will find it.

I interviewed Judge Charles P. Daly, president of the American Geographical society, upon the subject of Guam. He could not give me any official information, but he gave me a card to the courteous librarian of the society, who placed several impressive looking tomes at my disposal. From such standard works as the "Nouveau Dictionnaire Geographique Universel" and other geographical publications I learned that Guam is in latitude 13° 15' N. and longitude 144° 30' E., and that, being an island, it is bounded on the north, south, east and west by the Pacific ocean. This is important if true. I also learned something about the geological formation of Guam; that on the east side it is rocky and precipitous, and on the west side it is low and full of bays.

The soil on the latter side is said to be fertile and the vegetation luxuriant, consequently Guam may be a good place for a young man to go and grow up with the country and with the vegetation. Perhaps "Go to Guam, young man!" will become as popular a bit of advice as Greeley's "Go west, young man, or to some even warmer locality. Knowing nothing about Guam, I have brought an impartial mind to bear upon the subject, and so cannot advise the young man, but if he has in him a drop of the feverish blood of the explorer he will long to visit the island. "The unknown," as Prosper Merimee says, "has so many charms."

After poring over many quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore, I have come to the conclusion that about all the reliable information concerning Guam is to be found in the pages of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, under the caption of Ladrones or Mariana Islands, for Guam belongs to this group. The name, "Isla de los Ladrones," or "Islands of the Thieves," the encyclopaedia informs us, was given them by the ship's crew of Magellan on account of the thieving propensity of the inhabitants. These original inhabitants were called by the Spaniards "Chamorroas," and their blood, mixed with Spanish and that of Tagal settlers from the Philippines, still flows in the veins of the present population. The Ladrones are divided into two groups, the northern, now uninhabited, and the southern, of which Guam is the largest and southernmost.

Strikers Return to Work. NEW YORK, May 10.—Of the 1,200 Italians who went on a strike Monday at the Jerome park reservoir only 400 remained out this morning and these are expected to return to work shortly. The affair is practically ended in a victory for the contractors, the laborers going back at the original \$12.5 a day.

Another strike, in sympathy for the reservoir, was begun this morning by 100 men, all Italians, who were working for the same contractor on the new aqueduct at Mosholeu parkway. It is scarcely thought this will have much effect.

Who and why and what? Is the Ahkhood of Swat? Now, every one knows who the gallant Captain Leary is, late the captain of the United States cruiser San Francisco, and the man who ten years ago valiantly upheld the honor of our flag in Samoa. But since Captain Leary has been metamorphosed into the governor of Guam he has become almost a mythical personage. And this because nobody knows anything about Guam; it is almost a terra incognita. I questioned Captain Leary himself concerning our new possession, but he modestly confessed that he shared in the general ignorance, thought he proposes to learn all about the island in the near future.

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Such an idea, however, is but a figment of the imagination, an impossible ghost conjured up by one who has grown nervous from spending many hours in a vain quest for some definite knowledge of Guam. To relieve the public mind I can state that there is no doubt about the actuality of Guam; its geographical position is determined, and no one need fear but that Captain Leary will find it.

I interviewed Judge Charles P. Daly, president of the American Geographical society, upon the subject of Guam. He could not give me any official information, but he gave me a card to the courteous librarian of the society, who placed several impressive looking tomes at my disposal. From such standard works as the "Nouveau Dictionnaire Geographique Universel" and other geographical publications I learned that Guam is in latitude 13° 15' N. and longitude 144° 30' E., and that, being an island, it is bounded on the north, south, east and west by the Pacific ocean. This is important if true. I also learned something about the geological formation of Guam; that on the east side it is rocky and precipitous, and on the west side it is low and full of bays.

The soil on the latter side is said to be fertile and the vegetation luxuriant, consequently Guam may be a good place for a young man to go and grow up with the country and with the vegetation. Perhaps "Go to Guam, young man!" will become as popular a bit of advice as Greeley's "Go west, young man, or to some even warmer locality. Knowing nothing about Guam, I have brought an impartial mind to bear upon the subject, and so cannot advise the young man, but if he has in him a drop of the feverish blood of the explorer he will long to visit the island. "The unknown," as Prosper Merimee says, "has so many charms."

After poring over many quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore, I have come to the conclusion that about all the reliable information concerning Guam is to be found in the pages of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, under the caption of Ladrones or Mariana Islands, for Guam belongs to this group. The name, "Isla de los Ladrones," or "Islands of the Thieves," the encyclopaedia informs us, was given them by the ship's crew of Magellan on account of the thieving propensity of the inhabitants. These original inhabitants were called by the Spaniards "Chamorroas," and their blood, mixed with Spanish and that of Tagal settlers from the Philippines, still flows in the veins of the present population. The Ladrones are divided into two groups, the northern, now uninhabited, and the southern, of which Guam is the largest and southernmost.

Supreme Court Syllabi. No. 977. Bradley against Fater. Affirmed. Error from Douglas County, Sullivan, J.

1. A court of general jurisdiction possesses inherent power to vacate or modify its own judgments at any time during the term at which they were pronounced.

2. Such power exists entirely independent of any statute; it is derived from the common law, and the provisions of the Code of Civil Procedure relating to new trials do not assume to curtail it. Section 41 of the Code does not deal with the power of the court, but with the rights of the parties.

3. A defendant against whom judgment has been rendered by default may during the term and after the expiration of three days thereafter, move to set aside the judgment, as a matter of judicial grace and in furtherance of justice, to grant him a new trial, and the court may comply with his request regardless of the form in which he gives up the search. I can picture him, like the knight in Poe's story:

And he grew old,
And his knightly sword
Laid its rusted blade
On the floor of his room,
And he looked at it
With a sad and old